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The Fashionable songster

London

[18--]

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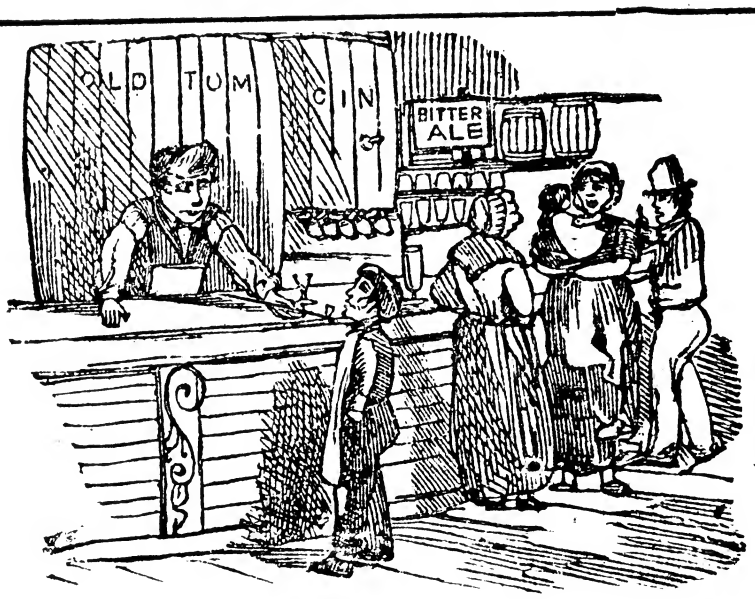
THE

FASHIONABLE

SONGSTER.



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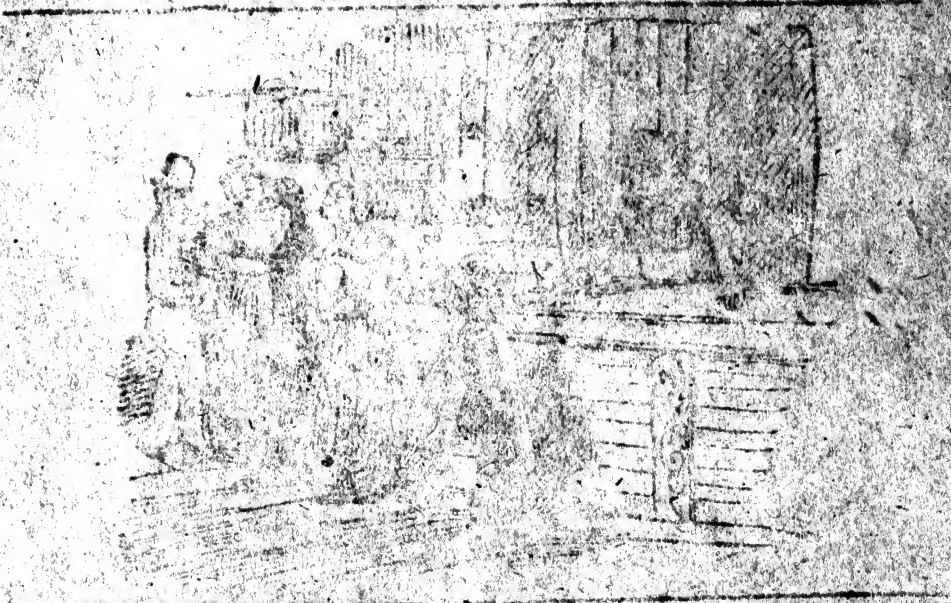

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THE FASHIONABLE SONG BOOK.

MARSAILLES HYMN.

Ye sons of France awake to glory,
Hark, hark; what myriads bid you rise,
Your children, wives, and grandsires hoary,
Behold their tears and hear their cries,
Shall hateful tyrants, mischief breeding,
With hireling hosts, a ruffian band,
Affright and desolate the land,
While peace and liberty lie bleeding,
To arms, to arms, ye brave,
The avenging sword unsheath,
March on, march on, all hearts resolved,
On liberty or death.

Now, now the dangerous storm is rolling,
Which treacherous kings, confederate raise,
The dogs of war let loose are howling,
And lo, our fields and cities blaze
And shall we basely view the ruin,
While lawless force, with guilty stride,
Spreads desolation far and wide,
With crime and blood his hand imbruing.
To arms, &c.

With luxury and pride surrounded,
The vile insatiate despots dare
Their thirst of power and gold unbounded,
To meet and vend the light and air,
Like beasts of burden would they load us,
Like gods would bid their slaves adore,
But man is man, and who is more
Then shall they longer lash and goad us.
To arms, &c.

O Liberty, can man resign thee,
Once having felt thy gen'rous flame,
Can dungeons, bolts, and bars confine thee,
Or whips thy noble spirit tame
Too long the world has wept, bewailing,
And falsehood's dagger tyrants wield,
But freedom is our sword and shield,
To arms, &c.

A BLESSING ON THE OUTWARD BOUND.

A blessing on the outward bound,
Wherever they may go,
From hills and dales their fathers owned,
Or cottage poor and low.
'Tis no slight thing to part from home,
Whete'er that home may be;
To trust a doubtful future on
The wild and stormy sea.
But while the tide of life rolls on,
The mighty stream must flow;
Then blessings on the outward bound,
Wherever they may go.

A blessing on the outward bound,
The noble and the true.
Who've wrested long with poverty,
Which they shall conquer too.
The earth was made for man to share,
And worthy it are they,
Those brave and bold adventurers,
Our proud ships bear away
To freedom and to sunny lands,
Still may the breezes blow—
May God protect the outward bound
Wherever they may go.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

God save our gracious Queen,
Long live our noble Queen,
God save the Queen,
Send her victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the Queen.

O Lord our God arise,
Scatter her enemies.
And make them fall.
Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks,
On Thee our hopes we fix,
God save us all.

Thy choicest gifts in store,
On her be pleased to pour,
Long may she reign.
May she defend our laws,
And ever give us cause,
To sing with heart applause
God save the Queen.

O Lord her Consort bless,
Grant him in happiness,
With her to reign.
In virtues great and strong,
May Albert's name be long
The theme of Britain's song,
God save the Queen.

Oh, whilst the nation hails
Our true-born Prince of Wales,
May it be seen
On Brunswick's royal line,
That still thy light divine,
Its radiance shed benign,
God save the Queen.

FORGET NOT THE FIELD.

Forget not the field where they perish'd,
The truest, the last of the brave,
All gone—and the bright hope we cherish'd,
Gone with them, and quench'd in their grave.

Oh, could we from death but recover
Those hearts as they boundeth before,
In the face of high heaven to fight over
That combat for freedom once more.

Could the chain for an instant be riven,
Which tyranny flung round us then,
Oh, 'tis not in man nor in heaven.
To let tyranny bind it again,

But 'tis past—and though blazoned in story,
The name of our victor may be,
Accurst is the march of that glory,
Which treads o'er the hearts of the free.
Far dearer the grave or the prison,
Illumin'd by one patriot name,
Than the trophies of all who have risen.
On Liberty's ruins to fame.

THE SOLDIER & HIS BRIDE.

Music at the Musical Bouquet Office.

She heard the fight was over,
And won the wreath of fame.
When tidings of her lover
With his good war-steed came.
To guard her safely to his tent,
The Red men of the wood were sent,
They led her where sweet waters gush,
Under the pine-tree bough;
The tomahawk is raised to crush—
'Tis buried in her brow.
She sleeps—she sleeps beneath the pine tree now.

Her broken-hearted lover
In hopeless conflict died,
The forest leaves now cover
That soldier and his bride.
The frown of the Great Spirit fell
Upon the Red men like a spell.
No more those waters slack their thirst,
Shadeless to them that tree,
O'er land and lake they roam accurst,
And in the clouds they see
Thy spirit—thy spirit unavenged McRea.

ANSWER TO ANNIE LAURIE

ANNIE'S REPLY.

By L. M. Thornton Esq.

Tune 'Annie Laurie.'

If all you've now been saying
Doth from the heart proceed,
Then upon these words relying,
Your Annie's blest indeed,
Your Annie's blest indeed.
And future years will prove,
That in wedding Annie Laurie,
You'll not repent your love.

Though small our destin'd portion,
If by my side you be,
I'll ask no greater blessing,
I have my all in thee.
I have my all in thee.
And shouldst thou trouble know,
Thou wilt have thy Annie Laurie
To share it with thee too.

THE SOLDIER TIRED.

The soldier tired of war's alarms,
Forswears the clang of hostile arms
And scorns the spear and shield,
But if again the trumpets sound,
He burns with conquest to be crowned,
And dares again the field.

BILL BOBSTAY.

TIGHT lads have I sail'd with, 'tis true none e'er so sightly,
As honest Bill Bobstay, so kind and so true,
He'd sing like a mermaid, and foot it so lightly,
The forecastle's pride, and delight of the crew.
But poor as a beggar, and often in tatters,
He went, though his fortunes was kind without end;
For money, cried Bill, and them there sort of matters,
What's the good on't, d'ye see, but to succour a friend.

There's Nipcheese, the purser, by grinding and squeezing,
First plund'ring, then leaving the ship, like a rat,
The eddy of fortune stands on a stiff breeze in,
And mounts, fierce as fire, a dog-vane in his hat.
My bark, though hard storms on life's ocean should rock her,
Though she roll in misfortune and pitch end for end,
No never shall Bill keep a shot in the locker,
When by handing it out he can succour a friend.

Let them throw out their wipes, and cry, spite of their crosses,
And forgetful of toil that so hardly they bore,
That sailors, at sea, earn their money like horses,
To squander it idly like asses ashore.
Such lubbers their jaw would coil up, could they measure,
By their feelings, the gen'rous delight without end,
That gives birth in us tars to that truest of pleasure,
The handing our rhino to succour a friend.

Why what's all this nonsense they talk of, and pother,
About rights of man? What a plague are they at?
If they mean that each man to his messmate's a brother,
Why the lubberly swabs every fool can tell that.
The rights of us Britons we know's to be loyal,
In our country's defence our last moments to spend,
To fight up to the cars to protect the blood royal,
To be true to our wives, and to succour a friend.

THE GIRL ASHORE.

THE tar's a jolly tar that reef, and steer
That can nimbly cast off an
Who in darkest of nights fin
halliard and gear,
And dead reck'ning kne
and lee-way.
But the tar to please me
More jolly must be,
h must laugh at the wa
they roar,
He must rattle,
And in battle
Brave anger and dying,
Though b lets are flying
And fifty ings more,
Singing, quaff ing,
Dancing, laug ing,
Take it cheerily
And merrily
And all for the sake o his girl
ashore.

The tar's a jolly tar who his ri o
will spend,
Who up for a messmate will spring,
For we sailors all think he thave true
to his friend
Will never be false to his king,
But the tar to please me
More jolly must be,
He must vemege for money
galore,
Acting duly,
Kind and truly,
And nobly inherit
A generous spirit,
A prudent one more;
Singing, laughing,
Dancing, quaffing
Take it cheerrily and merrily,
And save up his cash for a
girl ashore

The tar's a jolly tar who loves a
beauty bright,
And at sea often thinks of her
charms,
Who toasts her with glee on a Satur-
day night,
And wishes her moor'd in his arms
But the tar to please me
More jolly must be;
Though teased at each port by
a score,
He must sneering
At the leering,
Never study to delight 'em
But scorn 'em and slight 'em,
Still true to the core:
Singing, laughing,
Dancing, quaffing,
Take it cheerrily and merrily,
And constant return to his
girl ashore.

FOLLOW, FOLLOW, OVER MOUNTAIN.

Follow, follow, over mountain,
Follow, follow, over sea,
And I'll guide thee to love's fountain,
If you'll follow, follow me.
Follow &c.

With the waters of the fountain,
Will I ease thy aching heart;
And the roses of the mountain,
Will to thee a balm impart.
Follow, &c.

For woman's love is dearly bought,
If bought with peace of mind;
But taste the fount, and not a thought,
Of love is left behind.
Follow, &c.

I'll fan thee with the zephyr's wing,
And watch thee night and day.
I'll guide thee to love's healing spring,
So follow and away.
Follow &c.

ALPINE HUNTER'S GLEE

AIR.—'*Le petit tambour*

A HUNTER'S life for me,
O'er alpine heights to roam,
The mountain crag, and the cloudless sky,
Are the alpine hunter's home,
At the earliest dawn of day,
Come, comrades up, away,
As aloft we go to our friends below,
We'll chant our merry lay,
Hurrah for a hunter's life,
A life so brave and free,
I love to roam o'er the mountain height,
A hunter's life for me.
Hurrah, &c

We hunters love to trace,
The chamois to his lair;
And fearless leap o'er the dizzy steep
And breathe the mountain air,
And as to track our prey,
We tread our perilous way,
We love to roam, o'er our mountain home,
And chaunt our merry lay,
Hurrah, &c

Our toil is our delight,
And our daily perils dear,
From our birth we three have loved the chase,
Nor know we how to fear
With the Sun's declining rays
We tread our pathless way,
And dance at night, in the pale moonlight,
And chaunt our merry lay,
Hurrah, &c.

THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME.

I'M lonesome since I cross'd the hills,
And o'er the moor and valley,
Such heavy thoughts my heart do fill
Since parting with my Sally,
I seek no more the fame or wealth
For each does not remind me,
How swift the hours did pass away,
With the girl I've left behind me.

O, ne'er shall I forget the night,
The stars were bright above me,
And gently lent their silv'ry light,
When first she vowed to love me,
But now I'm bound to Brighton camp
Kind heaven then pray guide me
And safely send me back again,
To the girl I've left behind me.

Her golden hair in ringlets fair,
Her eyes like diamonds shining,
Her slender waist, with carriage chaste,
May leave the swan repining,
Ye gods above! oh, hear my prayer,
To my beauteous fair to bind me,
And send me safely back again,
To the girl I've left behind me.

Thro' sea shall honey taste no more,
The dove become a ranger,
The falling waters cease to roar,
Ere I shall seek to change her
The vows she register'd above,
Shall ever cheer and bind me,
In constancy to her I love,
To the girl I've left behind me.

THE LIFE OF A TAR.

A popular Song, sung by Mrs Hobbs.

THE life of a tar is the life I love,
The sea beneath us the heavens above,
Our reign undisputed from the sky to the sea,
Whose life can compare to the mariner free,
When winds whistle loud still in safety we ride,
Through waves which ne'er whelm us we merrily ride,
No life half so happy, no life half so free,
While we skim undismay'd o'er the rolling sea.

The hope of our maidens, the pride of our isle,
His heart is a stranger to falsehood and guile—
His ship is his home—his nation the world,
His boast is his flag, never wrongly unfurl'd,
His heart his true honour—how happy is he,
While he skims undismay'd o'er the rollingsea—
No life half so happy, no life half so free,
While we skim undismay'd on the rolling sea.

A JOLLY BRISK TAR

A JOLLY brisk tar, a little
At once,
As bold as a beggar, as drunk as
A prince,
Just from of a ale-house, and thinking
It sin,
To pass without calling reel'd jovially
In.

Derry down, &c.

Scarce seated was he, when the landlord
Espied,
With pudding and beef that attracted
Jack's eye;
By the main-mast, a sail, boys! then
He leapt
From his place,
And grasping his bludgeon gave orders
For chace,

Derry down, &c.

Now it happened together some
Frenchmen were met,
Resolving soup-meagre and frogs to
Forget,
Convinc'd of their error, commanded
This feast,
To be dress'd and serv'd up in the
Old English taste.

Derry down, &c.

At the heels of the landlord the sailor
Appears,
And makes the room ring with three
British cheers,
Then as sits himself down without
Further leave,
And claps to old Gaul as the next
Neighbour's plate,

Derry down, &c.

Sure nothing could equal the Frenchman's
Surprize,
When they shrugg'd up their shoulders,
And turn'd up their eyes,
From one dropt a ha, and the other a
Hem,
All gaped at the landlord the landlord
At them.

Derry down, &c.

One, more bold than the rest, by his
Brethren's advice,
Made a sneaking attempt to come in
For a slice,
Jack, cutting his hand, quickly gave
Him a check,
Cry'd, down with your arms, or I'll
Soon sweep the deck.

Derry down, &c.

The landlord enrag'd now approach'd
From afar,
And sneaking behind, seiz'd the arms
Of the tar;

I have him, says he; but he ne'er
Say no more,
Ere he found his dull pate where his
Heels stood before.

Derry down, &c.

The landlord thus sprawling, the
Frenchmen unite,
Each takes up his knife and prepares
For the fight;
Of quarters, cries Jack, I wou'd not
Have you think,
Strike, strike, you frog-eaters, strike,
Strike, or you sink.

Derry down, &c.

So saying, he handled his trusty oak
Stick,
And poured in his broad-side so stout
And so thick,
So well play'd his part, in a minute
That four,
Were decently laid with their host
On the floor.

Derry down, &c.

The rest all dismay'd at their countryman's
Fate,
For fear that Jack's stick should
Alight on their pate;
Acknowledg'd him victor, and lord
Of the main,
Withal humbly intreating to bury
Their slain.

Derry down, &c

Three cheers then he gave, but insisted
That they,
For the beef, for the pudding, and
Porter should pay,
They agreed, so the sailor reel'd off
With his wench,
And sung as he reel'd, down, down,
With the French

Derry down, &c.

NEEDS THERE A TONGUE.

NEEDS there a tongue to tell a
Meaning,
Words but faintly would convey;
Read these eyes that without feigning,
Speak more true than words can
Say.

Then blush not, turn not in confusion
But kindly to my vows attend,
And let love plead for this intrusion
Say, who can love and yet offend

OLD ROSIN, THE BEAU.

A very popular American Ditty sung
by Mrs. Fitzwilliam.

I HAVE travell'd this wide world
Over,
And now to another I'll go—
I know that good quarters are waiting,
To welcome Old Rosin the beau.
To welcome Old Rosin the beau,
To welcome Old Rosin the beau,
I know that good quarters are waiting,
To welcome Old Rosin, the beau.

When I'm dead and laid out on the
Counter,
A voice you will hear from below,
Singing out whisky and water,
To drink to Old Rosin the beau.
To drink, &c.
&c.

And when I am dead, I reckon,
The ladies will all want to know—
Just lift the lid off the coffin,
And look at Old Rosin, the beau.
And look, &c.

You must get some dozen good fellows,
And stand them all round in a row
And drink out of half gallon bottles,
To the name of Old Rosin the beau.
To the, &c.

Get four or five jovial young fellows,
And let them all staggering go,
And dig a deep hole in the meadow,
And in it toss Rosin the beau.
And in it, &c.

Then get you a couple of tombstones,
Place one at my head and my toe,
And do not fail to scratch on it,
The name of Old Rosin the beau.
The name, &c.

I feel that grim tyrant approaching,
That cruel implacable foe,
Who spares neither age or condition,
Nor even Old Rosin, the beau.
Nor even, &c.

PEACE OF THE VALLEY.

The peace of the valley is fled,
The calm of its once happy bow'rs
Disturbed by the rude soldiers tread
While the gore of the brave stains
its powers.
The young heart that once beat but
to love
Is blighted, forsaken, and dead,
The songs of the shepherd are hushed
in the grove,
The peace of the valley is fled.
The peace of the valley, the valley
is fled.

The vine round the cottage door
strays,
It's wild boughs neglected and
stern,
From the door must the widow long
gaze,
For a form that can never return.
He sleeps far away midst the slain,
The smiles of his children await
him in vain;
The peace of the valley is fled.
The peace of the valley, the valley
is fled.

THE BLOSSOMS OF FREEDOM

ONCE the gods of the Greeks at ambrosial
feast,
Large bowls of rich nectar were
quaffing,
Merry Momus among them was
at as a guest,
(Homer says the celestials loved
laughing,)
On each of the synod the humourist
droll'd,
So none could his jokes disapprove;
He sung, repeated, and some smart
stories told,
At last thus began upon Jove,

'Sire! Atlas, who long had the universe
bore,
Grown grievously tired of late,
He says that mankind are much worse
than before,
So he begs to be eased of their weight
Jove, knowing the earth on poor Atlas
was hurled,
From his shoulders commanded the
ball,
Gave his daughter Attraction the
charge of the world,
And she hung it high up in her hall.

Miss, pleased with the present reviewed
the globe round,
To see what each climate was worth
Like a dimond the whole with amazement
bound,
And she variously planted the earth,
With silver, gold, jewels, she India
endowed,
France and Spain she taught vineyards
to rear,
Which suited each clime on each clime
she bestowed,
And Freedom she found flourished
here.

Four cardinal virtues she left in this
isle,
As guardians to cherish the root,
The blossoms of Liberty 'gan then to
smile,
And Englishmen fed on the fruit,
Thus fed and thus bred, from a bountry
so rare,
O preserve it as free as 'twas given,
We will, while we've breath, nay
we'll grasp it in death,
Then return it untainted to heaven.

LISTEN DEAR MOLLY.

Listen dear Molly,
Oh! listen to me;
Your Sam Vilkins offers,
His best love to thee.
He's cut all his pals,
Besides his low ways;
And all his old gals,
For you, Molly Hayes.
So listen, &c.

Listen dear Molly,
Though lots there may be,
Come chaffing you over,
None of that fun for me.
Be up to their gammon
Oh, Molly beware!
It's only the panuum,
They want from you, dear.
So listen, &c.

LOVELY POLLY.

A sailor's love is void of art,
Plain sailing to his port, the heart,
He knows no jealous folly:
'Tis hard enough at sea to war
With boisterous elements that jar—
All's peace with lovely polly.

Enough that, far from sight of shore
Clouds frown, and angry billows roar
Still is the brisk and jolly:
And while carousing with his mates,
Her health he drinks—anticipates
The smiles of lovely polly.

Should thunder on the horizon press,
Mocking our signal of distress,
E'en then dull melancholy
Dares not intrude:—he braves the din
In hopes to find a calm within
The snowy arms of polly.

SILENT NYMPH WITH SILVERY WINGS.

Silent nymph with silvery wings,
Hither from thy bower stray;
I will show thee choicest things,
Where the watery sunbeams play.

In a nautilus we will glide,
O'er the cold and limpid tide;
From whose surface fathoms through
Thou my chrystal balls shall view!
Where through groves of coral we,
Dance to Nalad's minstrelsy.

Round about our coral throne
Melodies of dulcet tone
They do srrike on pearly shells,
Tun'd by water fairies' spells;
Silent nymph and so will we,
Dance to their sweet minstrelsy.

GROG AND GIRLS.

A sailor, and an honest heart,
Like ship and helm, are ne'er apart

For how should one stem wind & tide
If t'other should refuse to guide?
With that she freely cuts the waves:
And so the tar,
When clashing waves around him jar,
Consults his heart, and dangers braves
Where duty calls; nor asks for more
Than grog aboard, and girl ashore.

'Tis not a thousand leagues from home
More horrid than the billows foam;
'Tis not that gentler is the breeze
In channel than in distant seas—
Danger surrounds him far and near;
But honest tar
Though winds and water round him jar,
Consults his heart, and scorns to fear
The risks he runs endear him more
To grog aboard, and girl ashore.

'Tis not that in the hottest fight
The murd'rous ball will sooner light
On him than any other spot,
To face the cannon is his lot;
He must of danger have his share,
But honest tar,
Though fire and winds, and water jar,
Consults his heart and shakes off care
And when the battle's heat is o'er,
In grog aboard, drinks girl ashore.

A TAR'S DUTY.

BORN at sea, and my cradle a frigate,
The boatswain he nurs'd me true blue;
I soon learn'd to fight, drink, and jig it,
And quiz every soul of the crew.
So merrily push round the glasses,
And strike up the fiddles, huzza,
And foot it away with the lasses,
Tol de rol, heave a head, pull away.

A tar, tho' his hopes should be lopp'd off,
His courage should ever hold fast,
So Tom Tough, when the colors were popp'd off,
His red jacket nail'd to the mast.
So merrily, &c.

To love and to fight's a tar's duty,
And either delight to him bring,
To live with his fav'rite beauty,
Or die for his country and queen.
So merrily, &c

MAGGIE LAUDER.

OH! wha wadna be in love,
Wi' bonnie Maggie Lauder?
A piper met her gaun to Fife,
And spirr'd what was't they ca'd her.
Right scornfully she answered him—
'Begone, he hallan shaker!
Jog on your gait, ye bladderskate,
My name is Maggie Lauder.'

'Maggie,' quoth he, 'and by my bags,
I'm fidging fain to see ye—
Sit down by me, my bonnie bird,
In troth I winna steer ye,
For I'm a piper by my trade,
My name is Rob the Ranter—
The lasses loup as they were daft,
When I blaw up my chaunter.'

'Piper,' qouth Meg, 'ha ye your bags,
And is your drone in order?
If ye be Rob, I've heard of thee,—
Live ye upo' the border,
The lasses a' baith far and near,
Have heard of Rob the Ranter,—
I'll shake my foot wi' right good will,
Gif you'll blaw up your chaunter,

Then to his bags he flew wi' speed,
About the drone he twisted;
Meg up and wollop'd o'er the green,
For brawly she could frisk it,
Weel done!' quoth he, 'Play up!' quoth she—
Weel bobb'd, quoth Rob the Ranter,
'Tis worth my while to play indeed,
When I hae sic a dancer.

Weel hae ye play'd your part, quoth Meg,
Your cheeks are like the crimson,
There's nane in Scotland plays sae weel,
Since we lost Harry Simson,
I've liv'd in Fife, baith maid and wife,
These ten years and a quarter.—
Gin ye shall come to Euster Fair,
Speir ye for Maggie Lauder.'

CANNOT BEAR THY SCORN

TUNE.—'*My heart and lute.*'

AND canst thou turn away from me,
With such disdainful air,
And must the love I feel for thee.
End only in despair?
I've suffer'd much for thy dear sake,
For bright'ning hopes would dawn—
But now the heart that loves must break,
It cannot bear thy scorn.

When walking forth at dewy eve,
Unseen I've watch'd thy path,
And faced the ruffians who would leave,
Thee dead, for gain or wrath.
But my last journey I must take,
My breast with anguish torn—
The heart that loves thee yet must break,
It cannot bear thy scorn.

WHEN THE WIND IS BLOWING FREE.

WHEN the wind is blowing free boys
What a jovial life is ours—
Who would care on the land to be, boys,
With its forest, fruit and flowers,
When our forest of mast are sweeping past,
Such sights can the landsmen see,
As our sailing fleets, with their swelling sheets,
When the winds are blowing free.

Our life is a life of freedom,
We're borne by the fresh'ning gale,
And for storms we never heed 'em.
If we've plenty of room to sail—
For we know that the Power above us,
Our guide in the storm will be,
For the sake of the girls who love us,
When the winds are blowing free.

And then when the sails are righted,
And night in the shade is seen,
We think of the vows we plighted,
On the far-off village green.
We drink to our wifes and sweethearts,
And fancy their forms we see,
As the vessel glides through the swelling tides,
And the wind is blowing free.

BETSY OF THE VALE.

In yonder vale there doth reside,
A maiden gay and free;
Whose heart a stranger is to pride,
And worthless vanity.
With her no other lass can vie,
For loveliness and grace;
Nature beams from either eye,
Content smiles in her face.

With this dear charmer for my bride,
How happy I should be:
My hours away would sweetly glide,
None be so blest as me.
Then let me live in hopes ere long,
To gain her hand and heart:
For sooner than my betsy wrong.
With life I'd freely part.

TELL ME MY HEART.

Tell me my heart, why morning prime,
Looks like the fading eye,
While the gay larks celestial chime
Shall tell, shall tell, the soul to grieve:
Thy heaving bosom to say,
Ah! hapless maid, your love's away
Tell me my heart, why summer's glow
A wintry day beguiles;
Why Flora's beauties seems to blow
And finding nature smiles.
Some sephyr whispers in my ear,
Ah! happy maid your love is near.

DARLING NELLY GRAY.

There's a low green valley on the
old Kentucky shore,
:There I've whiled many happy
hours away,
A setting and singing by the little
cottage door,
Where lived my darling Nelly
Gray.
Oh! my poor Nelly Gray, they have
taken you away,
And I'll never see my darling any
more,
I'm setting by the river and I'm
weeping all the day,
For you've gone from the old Kentucky shore.

When the moon had climb'd the
mountain, and the stars were
shining too,
Then I'd take my darling Nelly
Gray,
And we'd float down the river in
the little red canoe,
While my banjo how sweetly I
would play.
Oh, my poor, &c.

One night I went to see h-r, but
'she's gone,' the neighbours say,
The white man bound her with his
chain,
They had taken her to Georgia for
to wear her life away,
As she toils in the cotton and the
cane.
Oh, my poor, &c,

My canoe is under water, and my
banjo is unstrung,
I'm tired of living any more,
My eyes shall look downwards, and
my song shall be unsung,
While I stay on the old Kentucky
shore.
Oh, my poor, &c.

My eyes are getting blinded, and I
cannot see my way,
Hark! there's somebody knocking
at the door—
Oh, I hear the angels calling, and
I see my Nelly Gray,
Farewell to the old Kentucky
shore.
Oh, my poor, &c.

DO THEY THINK OF ME AT HOME.

Words by J. E. Carpenter.
Music by C. W. Glover.

Do they think of me at home?
Do they ever think of me?
I, who shared their every grief,
I, who mingled in their glee;
Have their hearts grown cold and
strange,
To the one now doom'd to roam?
I would give the world to know—
Do they think of me at home,

Do they think of me at eve?
Of the songs I used to sing?
Is the harp I struck untouched?
Does a stranger wake the string?
Will no kind forgiving word,
Come across the raging foam?
Shall I never cease to sigh!
Do they think of me at home?

Do they think of how I loved,
In my happy early days?
Do they think of him who came,
But could never win their praise?
I am happy by his side,
And from mine he'll never
roam,
But my heart will sadly ask,
Do they think of me at home?

GOOD BYE, SWEETHEART.

The pale stars fade—the morn is
breaking;
The dew-drops pearl each bud and
leaf,
And I from thee my leave am
taking,
With bliss too brief—with bliss too
brief,
How sinks my heart with fond
alarms,
The tear is biding in mine eye.
For time doth thrust me from
thine arms.
Good bye, sweetheart, good bye.

The sun is up,—the lark is soaring;
Loud swells the song of chanticleer.
The lev'ret bounds o'er earth's soft
flooring,
Yet I am here, yet I am here.
For since night's gems from heav'n
doth fade,
And morn to floral lips doth hie,
I could not leave thee, though I
said—
Good bye, sweetheart, good bye

COME INTO THE GARDEN MAUD.

Come into the garden, Maud,
For the black bat, night, has
flown;
Come into the garden, Maud.
I'm here at the gate alone;
And the woodbine's spices are
wafted abroad,
And the musk of the roses blown;
For a breeze of the morning
moves,
And the Planet of Love is on high,
Beginning to faint in the light that
she loves,
On a bed of daffodil sky;
To faint in the light of the sun she
loves—
To faint in the light and to die.
Come, come,
Come into the garden, &c.

Queen of the rosebud, garden of
girls,
Come hither the dances are done;
In gloss of satin and glimmer of
pearls,
Queen, lily, and rose in one,
Shine out, little head, running
over with curls,
To the flowers, and be their sun,
Shine out, shine out and be
their sun.

Come into the garden, Maud,
For the black bat, night, has
flown;
Come into the garden, Maud,
She is coming, my own, my
sweet,
Were it ever so airy a tread,
My heart would hear her
and beat.
Were it earth in an earthy
bed.
Come, my own, my sweet,
Come, my own, my sweet,
Maud, Maud, come,
I'm here at the gate alone.

CHORUS from 'MASANIELLO.'
Away, away, the morning freshly
breaking,
Shines o'er the deep, our ling'ring
steps to chide,
Light with sport and song our la-
bour making,
Our sails we'll trim, and haste to
stem the tide.

'TWAS NIGHT AND ALL AROUND WAS STILL.

From "Il Trovatore."

'Twas night, and all around was still
The clear blue sky was beaming,
On placid lake and gentle hill,
The golden moon was gleaming.
Then came a whisper like a sigh,
Forth from the night wind
stealing,
Swelling into a melody
That thrill'd me with its feeling;
Spell bound I stood, and heard
a sigh,
The tender sadness of that strain
Sung by the troubadour.

As in devotion there he knelt,
And poured forth in each im-
passioned tone,
With tears mine eyes began to
melt;
A name ne breath'd it was my
own—
I to my window lattice flew,
I listened, I gazed undaunted there,
O what ecstatic joy was mine,
All that my heart would fain en-
shrine,
The look of love, the fervent pray'r,
All that I dreamt of bless'd there.

To tell of love so glowing,
The tongue may strive for ever,
But vain is each endeavour.
Ah, would my heart could speak,
On him, my life bestowing,
Our fates shall be united,
The vow my lips have plighted,
I'll die before I break.

HUNTING SONG,

From Meyebeer' Opera
of "Dinorah."

The bay is awake,
The mist from the lake
Rising passes over;
The fresh morning breeze
Plays light in the trees,
Like a young and happy lover.
Now the field shines anew,
With the bright and early dew.
Let us haste to the cover.
Come and come all,
Follow my call,
Hunting is jolly,
When night is over,
The day is awake, &c.

Ne'er loiter, but leap
From dull heavy sleep,
Ye who would discover
The hare in the fern,
Or down by the turn
In the heath the timid plover.
While the dawn is fresh and sweet
Let us brake and thicket beat,
So away to the cover.
Come and come all, &c.

TIGER CHORUS.

The tiger crouches in the wood,
And waits to shed the traveller's
blood,
And so crouch we.
We spring upon him to supply
What men unto our wants deny
And so springs he,

THE VOILET GIRL.

COME buy my pretty voilets blue,
Come buy of little Sally
The choicest flowers that ever grew
In meadow, glade or valley
Come buy my pretty voilets blue,
Come buy of little Sally,

At twilight from my home I go,
And through the wide streets sally,
To fields where creeping violets grow
And lilies of the valley.
Come buy, &c

And, ere the great ones deign to rise
They hear the voice of Sally;
That little girl who often cries,
Sweet lilies of the valley.
Come buy &c.

LOVELY GIRL.

Lovely Girl, I now must leave thee,
Fate commands, I must obey;
Dearest, say if still you love me,
And be true when I'm away!
Farewell Mary.
Sweetest maid! again farewell.

Now to hostile shores I go, love;
Honour tells me to be gone;
Still on thee my thoughts shall be, love,
When, dear girl, I'm far from home
Farewell. &c.

And sweet maid, if fate should spare me,
Homeward to thy arms I'll fly;
Evermore, dear girl, I'll love thee,
With my Mary live and die.
Farewell &c

SAID A STEAK TO A CHOP.

Said a steak to a chop,
On a hook in my shop,
In the dog days in very hot weather,
Dear chop, it is clear,
If we tarry long here,
We shall certainly melt both together

Said the chop from the rump
To the steak from the rump,
Unless there's a change in the weather
Lovely steak I agree,
In a mess we shall be
And of kitchen stuff made both together.

Oh, then with a sigh,
Midst sweet sounds, "what d'ye buy
Said the steak to the chop with emotion
A long or a short six,
In some save all to fix,
Will at last be our doom I've a notion

SHADOWS OF BEAUTY.

Shadows of Beauty,
Shadows of Power,
Rise to your duty,
This is the hour;
Wake, lovely and pliant,
From the depth of this fountain,
As the cloud shapen giant
Bestrides the Harts mountain!

Come as ye were,
That our eyes may behold
The model in air
Of the form I will mould,
Bright as the Isis,
When the other is spanned
Each kis desire is;
Love my mistress.

Or the shape of each vision
From Macedon's boy,
To each bright Roman picture,
Who breathed to destroy!
Shadows of Beauty!
Shadows of Power!
Up to your duty!
This is the hour.

WHY DO YOU LOOK SO SHY, LOVE!

Air—"John Anderson my Joe

Why do you look so shy, love,
Whene'er I name the day,
While blushing softly sigh, love
And gently turn away?

Why do you look so shy, love,
Whene'er our glances meet?
And fall thy soft dark eye, love,
In bashful smile more sweet.

Why do you look so shy, love,
Whene'er I press thy hand?
And sigh a soft reply, love
We only understand.

Why do you look so shy, love,
Come deign dear Lis to say;
Fain would I gently try, love,
To scare your fears away.

Why do you look so shy, love,
Why do you look so shy?
Come prithee tell me why, love,
Why do you look so shy?

THE LAST DROP.

Tune "The last rose of Summer."

We have drained to the last drop
that liquor so mellow,
So quickly let's have another full
bowl!—
It's enliven'd the heart of many a
good fellow,
And like butter-milk down our
throats it does roll.

What raises your spirits like a cup
of good wine,
With your lasses around, where's
a sight half so grand?
For the use of mankind was planted
the vine,
Though some few cry out it's the
curse of the land.

THE RETURN OF MARY BLANE.

Air—"Mary Blane."

As I was in my hut one morn,
Grieving o'er my pain,
A sudden knock came at the door,
Me thought 'twas Mary Blane.
I quickly jumped upon my feet,
And flew towards the door,
And happy was I there to meet,
Poor Mary Blane once more.
Oh, welcome home, dear Mary Blane
Come to my arms, your pains forget,
Welcome home, dear Mary Blane,
We may be happy yet.

She'd scarcely got inside the door,
When bitterly she cried,
She swooned away—fell on the floor
Poor Mary Blane, she died.
I forgive the white man for his wrong,
Altho' he's caused me pain,
I forgive the mischief he has done,
Though he has killed poor Mary Blane
Then fare you well dear Mary Blane
Tho' death has closed your eyes,
I know that we will meet again
Some day beyond the skies.

WHO WOULD BE AN OLD BATCHELOR.

Air—*Morgiana in Ireland.*

LIVING a batchelor is not life,
Life is love, and love's employmen
What's the world worth without a wife
Without a wife there's no enjoyment
Cheerless is the batchelor's home,
Gloom dejecting him,
Mumps dejecting him,
Lonely, dreary,
Lingering wearily,
Sad and comfortless is an old batchelor.

Full of sorrows,
Has the horrors,
Dull and desolate is an old bachelor!
Always crusty,
Rusty, dusty,
Musty, fusty,
Are old batchelors.

Bachelors' lives are void and vain,
Bachelors' lives are only vanity;
Bachelor fellows are insane,
Bachelorship is but insanity,
Fellows, can we call them?—nay!
Fellows, never so;
Odd ones ever so;
Wives denied themselves,
So beside themselves,
Beauty is never beside an old bachelor
Who can cure 'em?
Who endure em?
Outlof his wits is every old bachelor.
Are not misses,
Kisses, blisses,
Meant for, sent for,
Every bachelor?

Bachelors only must be blamed,
If old maids become so many more
Let old bachelors be reclaimed,
Maids will not be old maids any more

Bachelors come, to church away,
Maidens require yor
Parsons desire you,
Do not tarry now,
Haste, and marry now,
Good husbands be, instead of ole bachelors
When united,
How delighted,
Ten times happier than the old bachelors.
Children plenty,
Twenty sent ye;
Growing knowing
Maids and bachelors

SHE HAS GONE AND LEFT ME NOW.

Air—"My Skiff is on the Shore."

She has gone and left me now,
She has left me broken-hearted,
And quite forgot the vow,
Which she made when we parted
She promised she would come,
First day of her leisure,
Then together we would roam,
Out for our pleasure.
She has gone and left me now,
She has left me broken-hearted,
And quite forgot the vow
Which she made when we parted.

She has gone and left me now
In a sad dilemma,
And broken her last vow,
Oh false and faithless [illegible]
I know that she'll not co[illegible]

WATER-CRESSES.

Jack come home, his pockets lined
In search of Poll his only pleasure,
To Pickle ships his constant inclination;
In her fair lap to pour his treasure;
But scarce arriv'd at fam'd Rag-fair,
Where the Rum Jew the roguish fleeces,
His whistle turn'd into a stare,
At "come, who'll buy my water-cresses?"

He starts and trembles at the sound,
Which now is heard, and now obstructed;
And now his hopes are all aground,
And now 'tis to his ear conducted.
"Zounds!" cried out Jack, "I know that phiz—
But then, such togs—they're all to pieces!
Why, it can't be! damme, it is—
'Tis Polly bawling water-cresses!"

And now she's in his arms, while he
Bids her relate fortune's reverses;
The world from fatal envy as the sea,
And hands false friends, in troops, with curses.
"They took," cried she, "my very bed;
The sticks they seiz'd, and sold in pieces;
So, to get a bit of honest bread,
I cries, who'll buy my water-cresses?"

"Still art thou rich, my girl," cried Jack,
"And still shall taste each earthly pleasure;
Thou'rt true, though rage are on thy back,
And honour, Poll's a noble treasure.
In this gay tog-shop rigg'd so neat,
Ill fortune from this moment ceases:"
This said, he scatter'd in the street,
Basket, and rags, and water-cresses.

THE SOLDIER'S GRAVE.

Of all sensations pity brings
To proudly swell the ample heart,
From which the willing sorrow springs,
In others' woe that bears a part.
Of all sad sympathy's delights,
The manly dignity of grief,
A joy in mourning that excites,
And gives the anxious mind relief:
Of these would you the feeling know,
Most gen'rous, noble, greatly brave,
That ever taught a heart to glow,
'Tis the tear that bedews a soldier's grave.

For hard and painful is his lot,
Let danger's form be brave them all;
Valiant perhaps to be forgot,
Or unlamented'd doom'd to fall:
Yet wrapt in conscious worth secure,
The world that now forgets is toil,

He views from a retreat obscure,
And quits it with a willing smile.
Then trav'ller, one kind drop bestow,
'Twere graceful pity, nobly brave;
Nought ever taught the heart to glow
Like the tear that bedews a soldier's grave.

BEN BACKSTAY.

Ben Backstay loved the gentle Anna
Constant as purity was she,
Her honey words like succ'ring manna,
Cheer'd him each voyage he made to sea.
One fatal morning saw them parting,
While each the other's sorrow dried
Then, by the tear that then was starting
Vow'd to be constant till they died.

At distance from his Anna's beauty
While howling winds the sky deform
Ben sighs, and well performs his duty,
And braves, for love, the frightful storm.
Alas, in vain! The vessel batter'd,
On a rock splitting, open'd wide;
While, lacerated, torn, and shatter'd,
Ben thought of Anna, sigh'd and died

The semblage of each charming feature
That Ben had worn around his neck
Where art stood substitute for nature
A tar, his friend, saved from the wreck.
In fervent hope, while Anna, burning
Blush'd as she wish'd to be a bride,
The portrait came— joy turn'd to mourning—
She saw, grew pale, sunk down, and died.

WE HAVE LIVED AND LOVED TOGETHER.

WE have lived and loved together
In the cottage of content;
But I'm sure I can't tell whether
We ever paid the rent.
I have never known a quarter day,
But the landlords quite me dun
And crikey! oh! how they'd swear too
Which to us was glorious fun.
We have lived, &c.

Like the leaves that come up around us,
In the merry days of spring,
Where the Brokers who kept watch on us,
To prevent our moving a thing;
And though lots of them we have known love,
Famed alike for a jolly hard heart
We never knew none like these here love,
Who so well did play their part.
We have lived, &c.

We have lived and loved together,
In cottages of content;
And we always managed to hook it,
Without ever paying the rent;
And let us still hope for the future,
We ev'ry may continue the same,
And with such good luck as before, love,
We'll still keep up the game.
We have lived, &c

SHE THINKS SO LIGHT OF ME.

A Parody on 'You'll Remember Me.'

Written by H. Rapley,

WHEN womens tongues do tease the men,
Their flattering tales to tell;
Of love they talk, laugh at you then,
When's too late to break the spell.
For Poll she's made of such deceit,
She'll break my heart to see—
My wife I mean she's such a cheat,
And she thinks so light of me.

She's such a dear both night and morn,
But whop's me like a swan,
I often wish I'd never been Born,
And love I'd ever tasted.
I'd give the world to be free again
And then no more I'd be—
A slave, for women I disdain,
Cos they think so light of me

HAIR CUT FOR SLY O LANTE.

'Twas barber Tom one day,
Took home his pretty wife, sir,
And dear the people say,
He lov'd her as his life, sir.
Yet Tom, who prized her charms,
Was jealous of his honour,
And so to sooth alarms,
He kept his eye upon her.
La ral la ral lay, la la ral laddy.

Then Tom he took a shop,
Right opposite to Kitty,
As folks will sometimes crop
When people's wives are pretty
Not that he thought she should
With others then be going,
O! no, she was too good!
But there—there is no knowing.
La ral la, &c

Now, mark, how busy strife
Stepped in their joys to hinder,
He found his pretty wife
One day had left the window
Poor Tom began to rave,
To think how 'twas he missed her,
When in came Dick to shave,
And swore that he had kissed her.
La ral la, &c

And so you kiss'd the dear,
Says Tom—and no harm in it.
Do pray, sir, take a chair,
I'll shave you in a minute;
Your beard shall come off clean.
I'll venture to denote, sir.
And then, with razor keen,
He cut the fellow's throat, sir.

MY DARK HAIR'D GIRL

My dark hair'd girl, thy ringlets
In silken curls thy graceful neck,
Thy neck is like the swan,
And as fair as the pearl,
And light as air the step is
Of my dark hair'd girl.
Thy neck is, &c.

My dark hair'd girl, upon thy lip,
The dainty bee might wish to sip,
For thy lip is like the rose
And thy teeth they do pearl,
And diamond in the eye
Of my dark hair'd girl.
For thy lip &c.

My dark hair'd girl, I've promised thee,
And thou thy faith hast given to me!
ad, oh I would not change.

THE ROVING BLADE.

Tune—The Gipsey King

'Tis I'm a roving blade,
A roving blade you see,
I wish all the girls have fun,
There's none half so merry as me!
Sometimes to a play-house I roam,
With dear black-eyed Jess that I love
With dear Lizzy I'd rather be,
Than reign in the regions above.
Hurrah!
For I'm a roving blade.

A lover, a true one am I,
No rival or courtier fear,
I drink and I smoke all the day,
Then at night to a concert I steer
No treachery I apprehend,
Among all the girls I've the sway
And if they are crabbed at 9th,
I takes up my hat and away.
Hurrah!
For I'm a roving blade.

I own I'm a ladies man,
My endeavours to please they well
know

BUY MY WILD ROSES

A poor little orphan neglected am I,
Nor parents, nor friends, alas! have I any;
Ah, little thought I, t would e,er be my cry,
Buy my wild roses, two bunches a penny.
Buy my wild roses.

Buy plenty surrounded, all happy and blest,
Nor care did I know for friends I had many;
But now a poor orphan by none I'm caress'd
Unheeded I cry two bunches a penny.
Buy my wild roses.

Ye wealthy and gay who with plenty abound,
Oft might ye lighten the sorrows of many;
In the path strew'd with roses sharp thorns may be found,
Then, oh, never refuse a poor orphan a penny.
Buy my wild roses.

THE GOOD SHIP THE KITTY.

I sail'd in the good ship the Kitty,
With a smart blowing gale and rough sea;
Left my Polly, the lads call so pretty,
Safe here at an anchor—Yo, yea!
She blubber'd salt tears when we parted,
And cried, "now be constant to me!"
I told her not to be down-hearted,
So up went the anchor—Yo, yea!
And from that time, no worse nor no better,
I've thought on just nothing but she;
No could grog nor flip make me forget her,
She's my best bower-anchor—Yo, yea!
When the wind whistled larboard & starboard,
And the storm came on weather & lee,
Th hope I with her should be harbour'd,
Was my cable and anchor—Yo, yea!
And yet, my boys, would you believe me?
I return'd with no rhino from sea:
Mistress Polly would never receive me,
So again I heav'd anchor—Yo, yea.

PEACE OR WAR.

I simply wait for your command, sir,
Is it peace or is it war?
Shall we quarrel, or shake hands, sir?
Which, good Signior, are you for?
You've naught to do but speak your mind sir
Only give me, then, my cue.
If for scolding you're inclin'd sir,
I can scold as well as you.
But did you give a hint, sir,
That peace and quiet you preferr'd,
There'd be no obligation in't sir, sir,
I would not speak another word.

CONTENTMENT.

Contentment lost, each other treasure
To ease the mind essays in vain,
Riches and pomp take place of pleasure,
And mis'ry leads the splendid train.
Fortune possessing, not enjoying,
Feasting the senses, not the mind,
In vague pursuits our time employing,
We grasp at all and nothing find.

FIE ON SINFUL PHANTASY.

Fie on sinful phantasy!
Fie on lust and luxury!
Lust is but a bloody fire,
Kindled with unchaste desire,
Fed in heart, whose flames aspire,
As thoughts do bowl them higher and higher,
Pinch him fairies mutually;
Pinch him for his villany;
Pinch him and burn him, and turn him about,
'Till candles, and star-light' and moonshine be out.

THE OUTLAWS REGRET.

Written by H. C. Chatfield, and sung by Mr. Marvin.

AIR—Maid of Athens.

Farewell my native climes farewell,
Where all I love & cherish dwell;
Where in boyish gladness I oft would roam,
Around that peaceful happy home;
Endearing thoughts still made me cling,
To that once cheerful merry ring;
Where sweet content and rustic pride
Went tripping lightly side by side.

Farewell! those days of early joy,
When my mother blessed her truant boy,
When gazing sweetly on my face,
She clasped me in her fond embrace
When my sires austere angry frown,
Wouldst scare my youthfull spirit down;
But ever fond in anger mild,
With pride would praise his only child.

Farewell those scenes I hold so dear
Those ties that bind my spirit here
Those kindred hearts who loving me,
Are weeping o'er my destiny,
Oh would I could their feelings spare,
Disgraced, degraded, thus to stand
An outlaw from my native land.

MATRIMONY

A CATCH.

Fire! fire!—what's the matter,
I've a burning at the heart,
'Tis the raging flame—desire,
Haste and quench it heal the smart,
Stony, stony—flinted hearted!
What are all the maids about?
Where's the engine matrimony?
That will quickly put it out.

KIND RELATIONS.

WE all have our share of the ups and the downs,
Whate'er our rank or station,
And he's sure to get the most scoffs and frowns,
Who depends on his kind relations
For it's all very well once or twice to drop in,
To ask for a trifling favour,
But on the third time they are sure to begin,
To construe it bad behaviour.
There's your relations kind relations,
There's your kind relations.

I speak from experience, and you'll find,
Though often they invite you,
When poverty comes close behind,
How quickly then they'll slight you,
For if's—"Clear the way—there's a knock at the door,
Say we're gone out for a ride John
I know very well it's that hungry boore,
Don't open the door too wide John.
My goods were one day seized for rent,
The broker took his station,
Pale and trembling off I went,
To try each kind relation.
Some hemm'd, some ha'd, and some look'd cool,
With faces of grief and sorrow,
My twin brother said he had made it a rule,
Never to lend or borrow.

I thought in my sister to find a friend,
But soon she undeceived me,
By saying 'These are not times to lend,
I would if I could, relieve thee.
'A trifle, dear sister, would keep me afloat,
I shall sink if you do not arrange it,
She said 'She'd not less than a twenty-pound note,
And she couldn't find time to change it.

I lost my goods, but found that day,
(Though 'gainst me they had sinn'd all,)
summon'd a rich old friend away,
Who left me a tidy windfall,
And then how they altered from what they'd just said,
Their cant it was provoking
To hear them exclaim (as each hung down his head,)
'Lord Tom, we were only joking!'

Now who in the world so blest as me,
With so many kind relations,
I am asked to dinner, to supper, to tea,
I've a hundred invitations!
But their crawling presents I daily return,
Their kindness to me they may scant it,
For I hate the cold hearts that would poverty,
And give only to those that don't want it.
There's your relations! what relations,
What very kind relations.

GOOD MORNING.

AWAKE my love, the sun's bright ray,
Hills and vallies now adorning,
Rise to the beauties of the day,
And from thy window say, 'Good morning,
Since the tender parting moment,
When you whispered, 'Love good night,'
I've endured a lover's torment,
Cheered not by a lovers light.

Soon did the moon's fair lustre fade,
When with a kiss we bade adieu,
Then loan and pensively I strayed
Nought's left me but the thought of you,
Then rouse thee from thy bed of rest
Waking eyes thy love restoring,
Echoes the truth you've oft confess'd
You love me, then repeat, 'Good morning,'
Good morning.

SHE TOOK A SLY GLANCE AT ME.

I went once to a party dress'd up to the best,
I thought I put on plenty cheek to keep up with the rest;
Yet I put a damper on, not to make to free,
For I saw the Landlords pretty wife, cast a sly glance at me.

CHORUS.

I saw the Landlords pretty wife cast a sly glance at me,
Cast a sly, cast a sly glance at me.

Dinner was anounc'd, we all sit down to dine,
I though it would but be the thing, to ask her to take wine;
She tri'd to do a blush or two, but that game could'nt be,
As I bow'd across the table she cast a sly glance at me.

Dinner being over, came wine and the desert
And with a nice young girl at hand I try'd to do a flirt,
But some other foot press mine and I took up to see.
And my pretty landlady cast a sly glance at me.

Dancing being introduced I of course stood up to dance,
For a partner to my pretty hosted, I made an advance;
The favour soon was granted, as it seem in heigh glee,
And as I squez'd her lilly hand, she a sly glance cast at me.

Our game was not unnotic'd, tho' to keep it dark I tri'd,
But by the jealous husband, our dodge was shortly spi'd,
When he took up the teliscope, some bathing on the beech to see
When my hostess nudg'd and cast a sly glance at me,

CHORUS.

And now in what ever place we meet if she a chance can see,
I am on the sharp look out for a sly glance at me.

WILL YOU TRUST ME THEN AS NOW?

Parody on "Will you love me then as now."

BY L. M. THORNTON.

Air.—"Will you love me then as now."

While I'm standing at your Counter,
With the ready in my fist,
As I take the Goods I'm needing,
On my friendship you insist.
Say you'll book me for the quarter,
Place the chair, and give the bow,
But my circumstances changing,
Will you trust me then as now?

When my pockets once so bulging,
Hang as loose, as loose can be;
And my outward man, all over
Shows the weight of Poverty.
When a change is o'er me stealing,
While *no change* you take I vow;
Will the change find you unchanging,
Will you trust me then as now?

ANSWER TO GENTLE ANNIE.

BY L. M. THORNTON.

Oh! weep no more for thy Annie.
Nor bend at eve o'er her tomb;
Far away from these shores of affliction;
Far away from this wilderness of gloom.

CHORUS.

In the land of delight thou shalt behold her,
There shall list to her dulcet voice again,
Where the flowers which blow never wither,
And joy of the bosom doth remain.

There's a crowd that moves with thy Annie,
In robes, pure as moonlight on snow,
Wouldst thou hear the songs which they are singing,
And the peace of the spirits wouldst thou know.
In the land of delight, &c.

Every sun that goes down at evening,
Brings nearer Annie to thy gaze,
Wait in hope, wait in paitence, it is coming!
And you'll never see the end of happy days.
In the land of delight, &c.